

THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND

Oh, why should the world seem strange,
With its beauty around me still?
And why should the slope of my swarded
path
Seem suddenly all uphill?
I had gone, with a buoyant step,
So cheerily on my way;
How could I believe so calm a light
Could turn to so chill a gray?
And wherefore? Because the hand
That held in its clasp my own—
Whose touch was a benediction such
As only the best have known—
Was caught by the viewless hand
Of an angel, and upward drawn.
What hope, what comfort, what guidance
now,
Since the stay of my life is gone?
"But a stronger is left to thee,"
Some comforting whisper said—
The arm that shall carry thee safe to him
When thou crocest the tide of death."
If Christ in His mortal hour
Had need of the chosen three,
To watch with Him through the awful
throe
Of His dread Gethsemane,
Oh, surely His human heart
Will pity and understand
That speechless yearning, too deep for
words,
For the "touch of a vanished hand!"
—Margaret J. Preston in Harper's Bazar.

The Invention and Manufacture of Pins.

It is flattering to our patriotism to learn that the first solid head pin, although made in England and its manufacture delayed until 1834, was the invention of an American, Lemuel W. Wright by name; and it was another ingenious American, Dr. John T. Howe, of Connecticut, who, some eight years later, invented the first successful machine for completing solid headed pins by a single process.

Marvelous, indeed, does this seem when we pause to consider that prior to the invention of this machine it required from twelve to fourteen men to complete a pin; there were as many different processes in its manufacture, each requiring to be performed separately and by a different hand. A single machine now turns out a constant stream of pins, averaging 200 a minute, all ready to be transferred into revolving barrels, where they are turned until secured sufficiently to be plunged into an acid bath from which they emerge, bearing out the old saying, clean as a new pin.

One machine performs the several duties of holding and crimping the paper sheets and sticking the pins into them, in even rows, with remarkable dexterity.—Table Talk.

Trains Stopped by Grasshoppers.
I saw two freight trains at Springer stopped by grasshoppers. The idea that the trains are stopped by running into piles of the grasshoppers is wrong. They just cover the tracks, and the passing trains kill them. The oil from them greases the rails and wheels so that the latter slip instead of revolving, therefore the stoppage of trains.

The hoppers get so thick sometimes that they have to be brushed off the tracks. Sand is also spread along the tracks to keep them from slipping from grasshopper oil. It is nothing remarkable that the oil from them should stop trains. A little grease rubbed on the tracks or wheels of a locomotive will have the same effect.—Kansas City Times.

Wrestling with the Muse.

There is a fruit vender of the basket persuasion in the city who is evidently in love, and, judging from his efforts at poetic recitation, his fair innamorata is not of his own race. He kills the weary hours that intervene between customers in committing to memory bits of love stuff with which, perhaps, to fan the flame in the bosom of his adored. He was heard Sunday wrestling with an old familiar rhyme, as follows: "Da rosa maka da red, da vila maka da blue; da shug maka da sweeta da cand; ma Carissima, sama da you!"—Birmingham (Ala.) News.

Vanity in Criminals.

A famous Russian writer, who passed many years among convicts, says of them: "This strange family had an air of strong resemblance. All of them were morose, curious, presumptuous and insufferably vain. Vanity was at the bottom of all their sentiments. During all the period of my observation I never saw the slightest sign of repentance or even of disquiet on account of their crimes."

Feats of a Blind Man.

Some little time ago Farmer Barbour, of Sterling, Conn., sued that town for exemption from taxation on the ground that he was blind. The town placed witnesses on the stand to prove that he could mow, hoe and lead hay. Mr. Barbour explained how he could do these things, though totally devoid of sight, and gained his case.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

A Convict Who Loves to Steal.

"Lord, how I do love to steal! If I had thousands I would still be a thief." The exclamation was made by a young jailbird in the hearing of Dr. Robert Fletcher, who quoted it by way of illustration in the course of a lecture on the relation of the criminal to society.—Washington Star.

A Close Call.

"Oh, ma, I nearly had a horse!" "Why, what do you mean?" "There was a man out here with a horse, and I asked him if I could have it and he said no. If he'd said yes I'd a had it!"—Life.

Must Shift the Weight.

She—The boat doesn't seem to trim. Am I sitting straight?
He—Yes, but your chataleine is too far to the left.—New York Times.

IN THE WATER WITH A RATTLER.

Wiley Pressed the Button and the Snake Came Near Doing the Best.

J. C. Wiley, of Brooklyn, who had been enjoying his outing in the vicinity of Blood's, this county, was a passenger homeward bound on Erie train 8. Mr. Wiley told a reporter at the depot that he was going home a week before his outing was over because he had a little experience with a rattlesnake on the Cohocton that had rather unnerved him.

"I was trout fishing Saturday," said Mr. Wiley, "and was wading down the stream with tolerably good success with the trout, when just ahead of me I saw a snake swimming the creek. I didn't notice what kind of a snake it was, but reaching down in the water I found a good sized flat stone and tossed it at the snake. My aim was so good that the stone struck the snake near or on the head, and carrying it to the bottom with its weight pinned it there. The head was held tight beneath the stone, but the tail and a couple of feet of the body were thrust above the surface, where they thrashed about furiously, and I discovered that the reptile was a rattlesnake."

"Acting on the impulse of the moment I did then probably as foolish a thing as any man ever did. I stepped to where the snake's noisy tail and writhing body were lashing about in the water, and seizing the tail jerked the snake from beneath the stone, with the intention of whipping it against a tree that stood at the edge of the creek. Although the snake's head had been jammed down on the bottom by a stone and held there for nearly a minute, the venomous and now furious reptile had plenty of life and no end of malice left."

"I had no sooner jerked his head from under the stone and above the water when he turned on me like a flash, shot his head back and sunk his fangs in the sleeve of my fishing coat just above the wrist. If he had aimed half an inch lower the curved injectors of his venom would have punctured my flesh, and I would doubtless have been saved all of life's subsequent trials. In another second I hurled the deadly reptile from me. It lay for a moment quietly on the water, and then slowly swam on its way."

"It was all I could do to get to the shore, so deathly sick and cold had I become when the full force of the peril my rashness had placed me in rushed upon me. I fell on the bank in a half unconscious state, and it was a long time before I could walk back to where I was stopping. That adventure spoiled all my inclination for rural vacation, and I am going home."—Corning Chronicle.

The Power of Prejudice.

The wife of a New Zealand missionary once had an interview with a native matron who confessed that she would die with shame at the idea of permitting her boy to "run about with an undressed face," i. e., with cheeks free from tattoo marks. The attempt to save native youngsters from the martyrdom of the absurd custom caused repeated riots and disagreeable scenes with the indignant relatives; and with a similar emphasis the eastern Hindus protest against the abolition of infant marriages.

In Calcutta alone the indignation meeting of the priests was attended by 185,000 natives, including hundreds of rajahs, merchant princes and scholars, besides tradesmen and peasants. The women of Bengal observed a general fast on the "day of protest," shrieks and howls filled the air; the population of several cities seemed to have gone crazy en masse. One fanatic offered to sacrifice his life to propitiate the wrath of heaven, and considering the unanimity of the opposition it is the question if the abandonment of the proposed reform would not be a lesser evil.—Philadelphia Times.

Quakers in Great Britain.

It is commonly supposed that the Society of Friends is a dwindling body. Many will be surprised to learn that, so far from this being the case, its members and associates in this country have increased during the last twenty years from 18,000 to about 22,000. In Great Britain there are about 16,000 in actual membership, besides 6,000 others, who, by the regular attendance of its meetings, are practically identified with the body. These 22,000 Friends live mainly in England, where there are about 320 congregations. The Calvinism of Scotland and Wales will probably account for the fact that less than 300 Friends and only about ten small meetings are to be found in those countries.—London Tit-Bits.

Degrees of Comparison.

On public occasions Count Von Moltke was frequently called upon to propose the health of the emperor. At small gatherings he would confine himself to the formula, "Long live the emperor!" On more important occasions he would say, "Long life to his majesty the emperor." At large public banquets the toast culminated in the words, "Long life to his majesty the emperor; our most gracious king and master!"—Allgemeine Zeitung.

Pumpkins Two Feet Thick.

Quite a wonderful tree is the calabash of the West Indies, which bears enormous fruits that resemble pumpkins and grow to be nearly two feet in diameter. With the pulp removed they serve various domestic purposes—for carrying water and even as kettles for cooking—having the great advantages of strength and lightness.—Washington Star.

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Proclamation of Reward.

WHEREAS, It has come to my knowledge from reliable sources, that on or about the 2nd day of August, 1891, one TIM LEE was found murdered at Jerome, Yavapai county, Arizona Territory, by some person unknown, and said murderer is still at large.

Now, THEREFORE, I, N. O. MURPHY, Acting Governor of Arizona, by virtue of the authority in me vested, do hereby offer a reward of THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and conviction of the murderer of said Tim Lee.

IS WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory of Arizona to be affixed this 12th day of August, 1891.

N. O. MURPHY.

By the Governor: E. B. KIRKLAND, Asst. Sec'y of Territory.

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NOTICE!

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THE meeting nights of this Post are changed to

the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

The next meeting on Tuesday, August 4th, at 8

p.m. All members are particularly requested

to attend the meeting on the first Tuesday in Sep-

tember, when a committee will be elected to

take charge of the preparations for the Depart-

ment campment to convene next Spring in

Prescott. W. F. R. SCHINDLER, Commander.

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